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ANOTHER SHOTGUN WEDDING, WITH NEITHER PARTY WILLING.



A LITERARY ATROCITY.

WEYLER.—Did you hear of those cases in Cuba where the insurgents tortured peaceful citizens to death?

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—I read the accounts. It must have been an awful piece of work.

WEYLER.—Awful piece of work? Nothing of the kind when a man is accustomed to writing in that style. Only took me a few minutes.

THE ADVANTAGES OF WEALTH.

FIRST TRAVELER.—I envy the millionaires who can travel around the country in private cars.

SECOND TRAVELER.—Yes; they have lots of comfort.

FIRST TRAVELER.—Just think of being able to stop the car long enough to get a square meal at a railway restaurant!

ALL THINGS come to him who waits; but the best way to wait is to work.



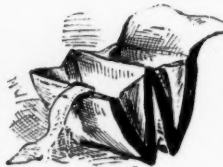
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RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

MRS. JONES.—I wonder what it is that makes baby so wakeful?

MR. JONES (*savagely*).—Why, it's hereditary, of course!—this is what comes of your sitting up nights waiting for me!

PARADOXICAL.



WHEN A man's taken in
He is likewise put out;
And he scratches his chin,
When a man's taken in,
And I daresay his grin
Means a curse, without doubt,
When a man's taken in
He is likewise put out!

Harold MacGrath.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

"The British Ambassador," said Tewfik Pasha, "wants to know if we are ready to evacuate the Grecian provinces."

"Not quite," replied the Sultan; "but you might tell him that we'd be willing to exchange them for the Klondike."

SOME GIRLS who wear an air of innocence seem all the time to be trying to make it rustle, like a silk petticoat.

WE WON'T be satisfied with the Car of Progress until it has comfortable seats for the passengers who now have to hang onto the straps.



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THE DOUBTFUL POINT.

FIRST SUBURBANITE (*bitterly*).—I'm blest if I think the average cook will ever get to heaven!

SECOND SUBURBANITE.—Don't know; but it's very questionable whether she'll be willing to stay after she does get there.



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Then and Now

IN SUMMER we rode o'er the highways,
Side by side, in a glorious whirl;
She was kind as could be,
And hearkened my plea,—
And I called her my Bicycle Girl.

But now cold and bleak are the highways,
Closed and barred by old Winter, the churl;
She's forgotten me quite;
Scarcely knows me by sight;

And I call her my Icicle Girl!

R. S. P.



NOT HIS FAULT.



HAT! You, Henry?"

It lacked just fifteen minutes of the midnight hour, and the cosy little back parlor of one of the most select uptown clubs was brilliantly lighted, while the hum of voices and the subdued clink of glasses lent a sort of glamour to the whole scene. At a table in one corner sat a young man, alone. The empty glass before him indicated his evening's occupation; but, although his face expressed an apparent indifference, it was evident, by the occasional tremor of the muscles and the unconscious gestures of the hands, that he was not wholly at his ease. He had the appearance of a man who had passed through some terrible ordeal.

"Yes, it is I," he said briefly to the elderly man who greeted him, as he motioned to the opposite chair and touched the button.

"You seem surprised to see me here."

His companion sat down and gazed intently at him for a moment. It was evident that he felt a touch of momentary embarrassment. It would seem as though he were hesitating as to what to say next, but there came swiftly into his face a look of determination which showed plainly that he had resolved to speak out what was on his mind.

"Henry," he said, looking fixedly at the other, "this is the first time I have seen you at the club, and at this hour, too. There is a look in your face which tells me that something is wrong. Now, I am an older man than you, and I've been married a good many more years, and I am going to speak plainly. Don't neglect your wife. I did it in the beginning and what is the result? I spend my evenings here and she goes to balls. Profit by my example. Preserve your home life. Believe me, it is the only real thing that there is."

His companion gazed at him gloomily for a moment, and then shook his head.

"Thanks, old fellow!" he said; "I appreciate your side of it; but I am afraid in my case it is hopeless. You don't know what my wife has been doing to drive me away. You don't know what I have been through with."

"True," muttered the other man, sympathetically; "I never thought of that. What is it?"

"For the past three nights," replied the victim, as he picked up his glass and a cold, steely look came into his eye, "she has been reading Henry James aloud to me."

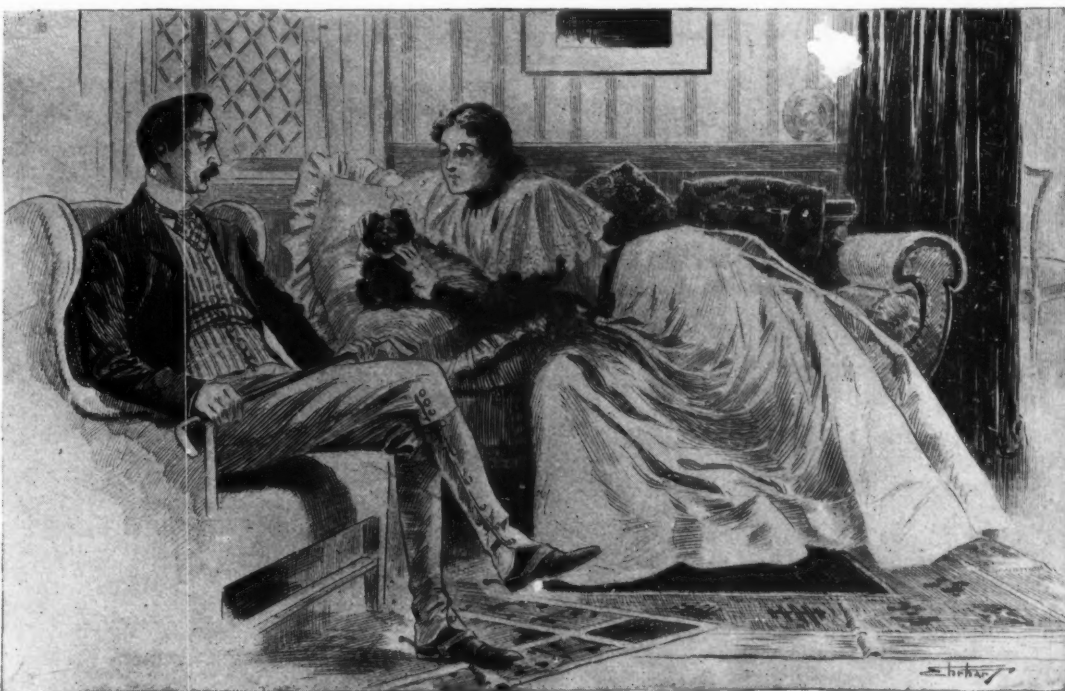
Tom Masson.

IT WOULD NEVER DO.

"Wilkins has some singular ideas for a financier," remarked the President to the Vice-President of the Unlimited Confidence Corporation.

"What about Wilkins?"

"He thinks we ought to pay off our debt instead of refunding it."



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FIXING HIM OUT.

HUNSTON. — I'd like to go shooting to-morrow, if I could only get a dog that was well trained.

ETHEL. — Oh! I'll let you take Dottie, then! She can stand on her head, and shake hands, and play dead, and say her prayers, and do *lots* of things!

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GARRISON.

BY H. C. BUNNER.

(Being a foreword to "SHORT RATIONS," a series of Army Tales by WILLISTON FISH, to begin in CHRISTMAS PUCK, next week.)

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IN THE pleasantest old-fashioned garden of a pleasant old-fashioned New England town, a lady sat on a rustic bench in the attitude of deep dejection. Her head was bowed; her hands hung by her sides, and she had thrust out her feet in a reckless, desperate way, which showed that she did not care whether people knew that she had her old shoes on or not. Indeed, the lady was the picture of discouragement. All around her was the bright bloom of late Summer. In front of her was a bed



of China Asters, pink and purple and cherry-red and white. Her marigolds raised their gay yellow orange heads near by, and drank in the sunshine. Petunias and portulacas, balsams and nasturtiums made the grounds brilliant all about her; there was a smell of lemon verbana and southern wood on the soft air; and the sweet old garden seemed too cheerful a place for any one to be sad in. But the lady sat there in a pose of such unaffected weariness and exhaustion that, after awhile, a sympathetic neighbor opened the garden gate and approached her.

"I did n't know whether I really ought to," she said; "but, Mrs. Wilkins, you did look so tuckered out that I could n't help coming out to ask what was the matter. You have n't lost your cook, have you?"

"No," replied the lady, with the thankful sigh of one who is reminded that there are worse griefs than her own to be borne; "it's not that, but I certainly am tuckered out. I have n't had such an experience since the ceiling fell down last Thanksgiving, just after the table was set."

The visitor's face expressed sincere sympathy and dismay.

"You don't tell me?" she said; which in New England means directly the opposite to what it appears to. "Why, what can have happened?"

The lady of the dejected pose lifted her head wearily, and made answer:

"The Colonel's wife, and the Major's three daughters and his mother-in-law called to-day; the two parties came within five minutes of each other, and they staid just one mortal hour."

"You poor thing!" cried her neighbor, sympathetically; "I don't wonder it nearly killed you. How did you manage it?"

Now, on the face of it, this conversation does not suggest to the uninitiated any very terrible social ordeal. That the ladies of the families of two high officers of the United States Army should call simultaneously upon a civilian friend should certainly seem no hardship. When it is also understood that all the ladies were agreeable, intelligent and accomplished, the mystery deepens. Yet, strange as it may seem to the casual reader, it will only be necessary to show this brief report of a conversation taken from real life to any lady living in a garrison town, to wring from her, if she carries a heart within her breast, a fervent expression of sympathy and commiseration.

For she will know, with no need of further inquiry, the whole truth of the matter. She will know that the Colonel and the Major occupy adjoining houses within the fortifications, and that while the Colonel and the Major meet every night of their lives to play billiards and drink whiskey-and-seltzer, the ladies of their respective families are never on speaking terms oftener than two months in the year. She—she who knows—will picture to herself the nerve-straining horror of that prolonged call. She will see in her mind's eye Mrs. Colonel sitting on one side of the room and the Major's three daughters and their maternal grandmother drawn up in



line of battle on the other side. She will see the stony glare in their eyes as they look right through each other at the walls of the room. She will hear their measured and formal conversation addressed scrupulously to the hostess, yet conveying concealed, mysterious discharges and counter-discharges of envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness from one side to the other of the apartment. She will realize the nervous dread of that poor hostess, anxious to be polite to both forces, and yet in mortal terror of offending either one by some unguarded assent to some apparently innocent utterance of the others. Military authorities say that a battle with smokeless powder between ambushed armies is far more trying to the nerve of the soldiers than the old-fashioned kind of fighting. It is just such an invisible, incomprehensible battle that has been going on in that quiet and well-ordered drawing-room with the hostess midway between the lines of fire, hearing the volleys fired from right and left, but unable to guess at their aim, or at the point from which they are fired. The battle has been long, for neither party has been willing to be the first to sound a retreat; and it is small wonder if it has left the poor non-combatant "tuckered out."

And yet, after all—though it is small relief to the poor hostess to reflect on the fact—it has been but a sort of sham battle, after all. True, the Major's mother-in-law has certainly managed to imply that the Colonel's wife has been indiscreet in her bearing toward the Second Lieutenant; and the Colonel's wife has by subtle speech conveyed to the Major's family the intelligence that the three daughters are prudish old maids, and the mother-in-law a meddlesome old cat. But, bless us all! What of that?

In another month Mrs. Colonel will catch chills and fever in her cold stone-house, and Mrs. Mother-in-law-Major will be nursing her as tenderly as if she were her very own mother. And as to Mrs. Colonel, why she is only playing with the Second Lieutenant, just to assert her womanly self-respect, and before Spring she will marry him to one of the Major's daughters, and she will take as much interest in the match as though young Miss Major were the little girl of her own who died in a damp casemate lodging eighteen years ago.



The army of the United States occupies an anomalous position among the military forces of the world, for which the statutory limit of its size is principally accountable. In the whole three-thousand mile span of the country there are but twenty-five thousand officers and men composing our regular army. This was the number that Congress thought necessary more than twenty years ago when the country had but half its present population; and there has not been a time during the ninety-seven years of this century when the number of our troops has been relatively so small.

As matters now are, it follows from the insignificant size of our army that the garrison of a United States fort, except in positions where active military service is required, is a garrison in name only. Soldiers enough to mount guard, and a meagre complement of officers are assigned to each one of the antiquated forts which constitute our defences against foreign invasion or internal disorder.

It follows, also, from the small size of our army and from the inefficient laws for its increase that our officers see themselves without that prospect of great work and high accomplishment in time of public danger that should, through the years of peace, give zest to their life and inspiration to their study of their difficult profession.



No army in the world is officered with such thorough and impartial care as ours.

No nation in the world can boast a finer training school than West Point. But nowhere else in the world is army life in time of peace so trying to the officers and their men and their families as it is in the United States. Uncle Sam pays well, as military pay goes, and he is not an unkind employer; but in the praiseworthy attempt to free himself from the evils of a great standing army he errs in another direction, and does injustice in many ways to the loyal, honorable and superbly trained men on whom he must rely for military organization in the hour of need. His forts are small, old-fashioned, uncomfortable, and usually unsanitary. His ordinary garrison is a mere handful of men ill-lodged, and ill-provided with necessary and proper military employment. Well-bred and highly-trained officers are huddled with their wives and children in wretched casemate quarters, whereof they have not even a certainty of reasonable tenure; for the Second Lieutenant of a little granite fortress in Maine may be ordered at short notice to transfer himself and his family, practically at his own expense, to a stockade in Arizona or New Mexico, on the order of a civilian Secretary of War who may have been farming in Iowa all his life until a new President called him to sit in a new Cabinet.

Bearing in mind these conditions, it is not difficult to understand that garrison life in the United States Army sometimes shapes itself in odd ways; and that it is only fair to look with a kindly and considerate eye upon the bickerings of Mrs. Colonel and Mrs. Major, upon their heart-burnings and jealousies, upon their poor little flirtations and indiscretions; and to keep a gentle remembrance of the faithfulness, loyalty and courage that animate these brave dwellers in chill casemates and draughty wooden quarters.

Their life is none too pleasant: if the horror of it seems sometimes a trifle bitter; if small jealousies and small ambitions sometimes accentuate themselves more strongly within garrison boundaries than they do in the great free world without, let us remember that a broader and wiser policy on the part of our statesmen at Washington might do much to make the military career in this country a more cheerful and pleasant thing than it is at present.

This is somewhat of a serious word with which to preface Mr. Williston Fish's quaint and charming sketches of garrison life; but I am sure that no officer, or officer's wife or daughter, who sees these clever and pregnant studies offered to the reading public, will be sorry to have a friendly hand pen for the civilian world a reminder of the hard conditions that infuse a dash of bitterness into this chronicle of garrison life, written



by one who knew it well, and who gave the best years of his youth to the service of the best country on the face of the earth.

And now let us see garrison life in America in the kinetograph of Lieutenant Williston Fish, U. S. A., resigned.

A FAMOUS INSTANCE.

"You can not keep a good man down,"
Is true beyond assail;
'T was proven many years ago
With Jonah and the whale.

AFTER ALL, the phoenix of good sense that rises from the ashes of the fool's money is worth a fortune in itself.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE is the price of liberty, exclusive of repairs.

THE BOHEMIAN.

He scruples not the midnight oil to burn,
For fame he cares not, only for the "dust;"
And with the proceeds of each storied earn
He goes off on an animated "bust."

WHEN TWO hearts begin to beat as one, they are apt to beat with more than the average rapidity.

ALL THE world's a stage; it is n't natural for people to be audience.

SOME ADVICE.

Folks marry on bicycles, steamboats and trains,
On top of a dangerous peak;
But most foolish of all are the couples who wed
On only ten dollars a week.

WHEN A VERY devout young woman gets married she immediately begins to wonder if there are really no marriages in heaven.

FAME IS to have one's grandchild say, "My grandfather was so-and-so."



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IS FOOT-BALL BRUTAL?

It won't be when the Pneumatic Foot-Ball Suit of the future comes into use.



HER WAY.

BEHOLD THE lilies of the field!
They toil not, neither do they spin."
Now, though my darling does no work,
I know that class she is not in.

For when upon a tandem wheel
With frantic strength I work my shins,
The fact is borne in on my soul —
The sly girl toils not, but she spins.

M. Landburgh Wilson.

FLAT LIFE.

MR. FLATBUSH (*desperately*).—Antoinette, the air in these rooms is simply — unmentionable!

MRS. FLATBUSH (*wearily*).—Bridget must have opened the window to the air-shaft!

ON THE whole, Eve could hardly have been more gushing if she were a suburbanite, and took the serpent for a garden hose.



AN EASY THING.

SUNSET SIMS.—Where be we goin' ter sleep when we 'git to Bridgeport? In de perleece station?

BRAKE O'DAY.—Well, hardly! We're a-going right ter de best hotel, get de best room in de house, an' be treated like lords. All we got ter do is ter register frum Klondike.



NOT ENOUGH.

KIND LADY.—I am sure you would learn to love my children.

NURSE.—What wages do you pay?

KIND LADY.—Fourteen dollars a month.

NURSE.—I am afraid, Ma'am, I could only be affectionate with them at that price.

ANXIOUS TO PLEASE.

"Is there no balm in Gilead?" cried the preacher. The druggist in the front pew moved uneasily and rubbed his eyes.

"All out of it, at present," he murmured, gently; "but I can give you something just as good."

Afterward he slept more peacefully.

THE FIRST GARB.

"What do you think of my new ball dress, Edwin?"

"Is that the latest?"

"The very latest!"

"It looks some like the earliest."

WHEN WE discover the faults of our friends, we are happy; when we discover the faults of our friends without being happy, we are great.



AN INDUCEMENT.



WILLY GREEN.—Maurice, come on; we're goin' t' play church. I'm goin' t' be th' preacher. Come on and play!
MAURICE.—Naw! I don't vant t' blay ghurch.



WILLY GREEN.—Oh! come on, play! I'll let you be the one to play to take up the collection.
MAURICE (*enthusiastically*).—Vy did n't you say dot at first?



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ABOUT HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION.

SINCE THE overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy early in 1893 much of the "fizz" has gone out of the annexation enthusiasm. So far as a study of the wishes of both countries can disclose, neither wants annexation to-day. Three-fourths of the people of Hawaii are bitterly opposed to it, and in our own country there is a well-defined reluctance to add to our problems of government by taking on a population made up of three thousand Americans and one hundred thousand Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese and Portuguese. Yet, despite this mutual unwillingness, Uncle Sam seems fated to pay the penalty for his indiscreet interference in Hawaiian affairs in 1893. When a squad of his marines helped to overthrow that monarchy the ring of speculators who are chiefly interested in annexation fastened a responsibility upon him which, with the valuable assistance of our own Jingos, they have prevented him from throwing off. Their plans for a permanent alliance promise to succeed early in the session of Congress at hand. After that we shall be in a better position to tell what we have lost, if anything, in gaining this territory with its richly and variously tinted people.

SOME SOPHISTRY OF BARBARISM.

THERE ARE two styles of retort to the criticism that foot-ball is a game unduly dangerous to life and limb. One contends that the critic, as a rule, has no right to make his criticism, because he does not "understand the game;" the other is a sort of cheap, graveyard humor, which implies that the critic is a milkop to appease whom it would be necessary to confine our sports to chess, croquet and tiddle-de-winks. To the first it may be replied that expert knowledge is not needed to condemn a game in which one player out of twelve is either killed, crippled for life, or seriously maimed. The critic, if he has no other knowledge of the game, may rest his case safely and solely upon that fact. He does n't need to

know anything else about the game, because nothing can palliate a sport which disables one player in every twelve. The second style of retort does not, of course, deserve any reply.

Six men have been killed on the foot-ball field in the Eastern States alone, since October 19th, — less than a month at this writing.

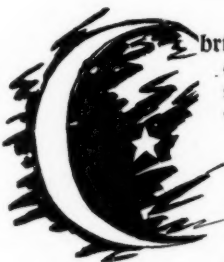
Within a slightly longer period 286 men have been maimed, seventeen of whom are crippled for life.

It will be seen that the merits of the game can not be consistently discussed until its casualties have been sufficiently reduced to bring it into the domain of civilized sport; college presidents and autopsy-humorists to the contrary, notwithstanding.

THE "HONEST WORKINGMAN" AT CHURCH.

IT SEEMS to be a little the fashion nowadays for a preacher to disguise himself as an "honest workingman" and then to visit the churches, with a view to proving that honest poverty is spurned at the door of the sanctuary. Several such tales have lately come in from the bounding West, and we note a recent trial of the experiment here in New York. One Henry Frank, D. D., with the assistance of a *World* reporter, succeeded on a recent Sunday, in the language of the *World's* headlines, in being "ordered out of fashionable edifices because of his plain clothes." Dr. Frank was attired in "the Sunday garments of a respectable wage-earner." We catalogue these garments, not only for the guidance of other investigators, who may not know just how "a respectable wage-earner" adorns himself on the Sabbath, but as a means of showing the winsomely ingenious notion of a *World* reporter as to what constitutes "plain clothes." "His trousers were gray, rather bagged at the knees. . . His vest was of light blue and set off by a heavy watch-chain, unmistakably imitation of gold. His collar was freshly laundered, but unfashionably turned down, and his necktie was of a gaudy red satin. His coat was of a striped dark yellow." But this was not all. This chaste idyl in prismatics was enhanced by a "a heavy, black, bushy beard," which Dr. Frank "put on to prevent recognition." We can easily believe his tale of the consternation his appearance created in several "fashionable edifices." We can not think he proved what he says he proved, however, namely: that the Bible is "dishonored," infidelity "rampant," faith a "laughing stock," and prayer "a mockery." We lean to the belief that his treatment was rather due to certain holdings of orthodoxy, absurdly bigoted, no doubt, on the subject of false beards; especially of "heavy, black, bushy beards." Perhaps he would have fared better had he chosen a pair of yellow side-whiskers; or it is possible that his yellow coat, light-blue "vest," large watch-chain and red satin cravat hurt the sensibilities of the conservative church wardens. Those church people are often very fussy about such things. The *World* reporter, it is recorded, was disguised "as an ordinary man of wealth," and succeeded in gaining admission to several churches. We think this was the real meat of the experiment, as it forms a significant addition to our anthropological data. It is now proved conclusively to be possible for a *World* reporter so to disguise himself as, at least in the dim light of a church, to avoid exciting any suspicion of his true character.

NOTICE.



Christmas Puck will be out next week. THIS IS JUST ONE LAST LITTLE REMINDER THAT MAY SERVE AS A STRING TO TIE ABOUT YOUR MEMORY. REMEMBER THAT Christmas Puck will be the finest thing of ITS KIND YOU EVER SAW. FROM COVER TO COVER THROUGH ITS FORTY-EIGHT PAGES IT IS A FEAST FOR THE EYE AND THE MIND. REMEMBER, ALSO, THAT THE Christmas Puck SELLS RAPIDLY, AND THAT YOU MAY MISS YOUR COPY IF YOU DON'T ORDER IT PROMPTLY, EITHER FROM YOUR NEWSDEALER, OR BY SENDING 25 CENTS IN STAMPS TO THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, NEW YORK.

A RARE EXCEPTION.

"She seems to be lacking in self-confidence."

"She is, shockingly so! Why, she does n't believe that she can plan a house better than an architect!"

ONE EXCEPTION.

"They say all the necessities of life are very dear in the Klondike."

"Not at all. Ice is so cheap they can't give it away."

SATAN CAN'T do much with a happily-married couple. To repeat a trite platitude, the deuce can't beat a pair.

THE TAMMANY VERSION — Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them by Mr. Croker.

MANY A KLONDIKER will consider himself rich if he gets back alive.



FOUND OUT.

FATHER. — Who are those fellows ahead?

SON. — They are members of our foot-ball team.

FATHER. — Ah! so? Now I see what they mean by "full backs."

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THE FOOLISH RESURRECTION
THEY THINK THEY CAN PUT NEW LIFE IN



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

SH RESURRECTIONISTS.
PUT NEW LIFE INTO A VERY DEAD ISSUE.

A JUNGLE TRAGEDY OF SENTIMENT.

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MR. BEAUX BOA.—My dear Miss Speckles, will you be my wife?



(MISS SPECKLES answered him not a word, but actions often speak louder than words.)

FRAGMENTS FROM A JUNIOR'S DIARY.



The Day.

Took Jumbo Hiller's place as centre rush on the 'Varsity 'leven. Jummy got his in the arm, and can't play this Fall. Great practice game with the Sophs to-day. Lost two teeth and quite a bunch of hair. Cut Chapel, Calculus and Greek. Must have more practice time.

Jummy's sister came to nurse him to-day.

The Next Day.

Punched everybody all over the field. Nobody hurt but a Soph. I gave him the straight arm and gouged out an eye. He quit the game. No nerve at all! Old Prof.

Waters gave me a lot of tommy rot about my soul to-day. Told me I'd get plucked, too. Expect I will.

Jummy's sister's name is Margaret. Very pretty name. Pretty girl, too.

The Next Day.

Sophs getting rough. Got two fingers put out and my face ripped some. Looks rowdy. Put on my new sweater. Was told I stack up well in my practice suit. Wish my moustache curled naturally.

Took Mr. Hiller's sister, Margaret, home from the Frat. blow-out. Strict Presbyterian. Very entertaining talker. Don't remember what she said.

The Next Day But Two.

Attended Chapel and helped Professor Waters sing. Ordered some new clothes. Got lip cut on a Soph's knuckle. Swollen badly. Somewhat ashamed of it.

Miss Hiller says it is so seldom one sees my combination of a physical and an intellectual giant. She has wonderfully clear brown eyes. "Wells at the bottom of which Truth is found." (Must remember this. Clever idea.)

The Next Week.

The pigskin is getting distasteful. Too brutal a game. Wonder if I will get plucked. Should not survive the disgrace.

Miss Hiller is urging me to do justice to my talents. Life is serious. She went boating with me last night. Beautiful voice. Blends perfectly with mine, too. Remarkably sensible girl, and so helpful.

The Next Week But One.

Quit the foot-ball team. Boys wild. Grinding Calculus and Greek. Think of taking up the Ministry.

Margaret walks with me in the garden every morning, before chapel, to strengthen my purpose for the day. Such womanly sym-

pathy is a wonderful spur. Says she is glad that she can be of so much use in this world. Her hair is beautiful in the morning sun.

The Next Day.

Exams. week from to-morrow. Coaching desperately, with Margaret's help. It would kill me to get plucked now. I should never be able to look her in the face again.

The Day After Next Day Two Weeks.

Margaret's voice is sweet and low,
Margaret's eyes are deep and brown;
Margaret's lips are soft and warm,
Margaret's hair a regal crown.

Upon my cheek is Margaret's breath,
Upon my bosom Margaret lies;
I hear my name on Margaret's lips,
And see myself in Margaret's eyes.

Oh! yes. Just learned yesterday that I am plucked. Too bad!

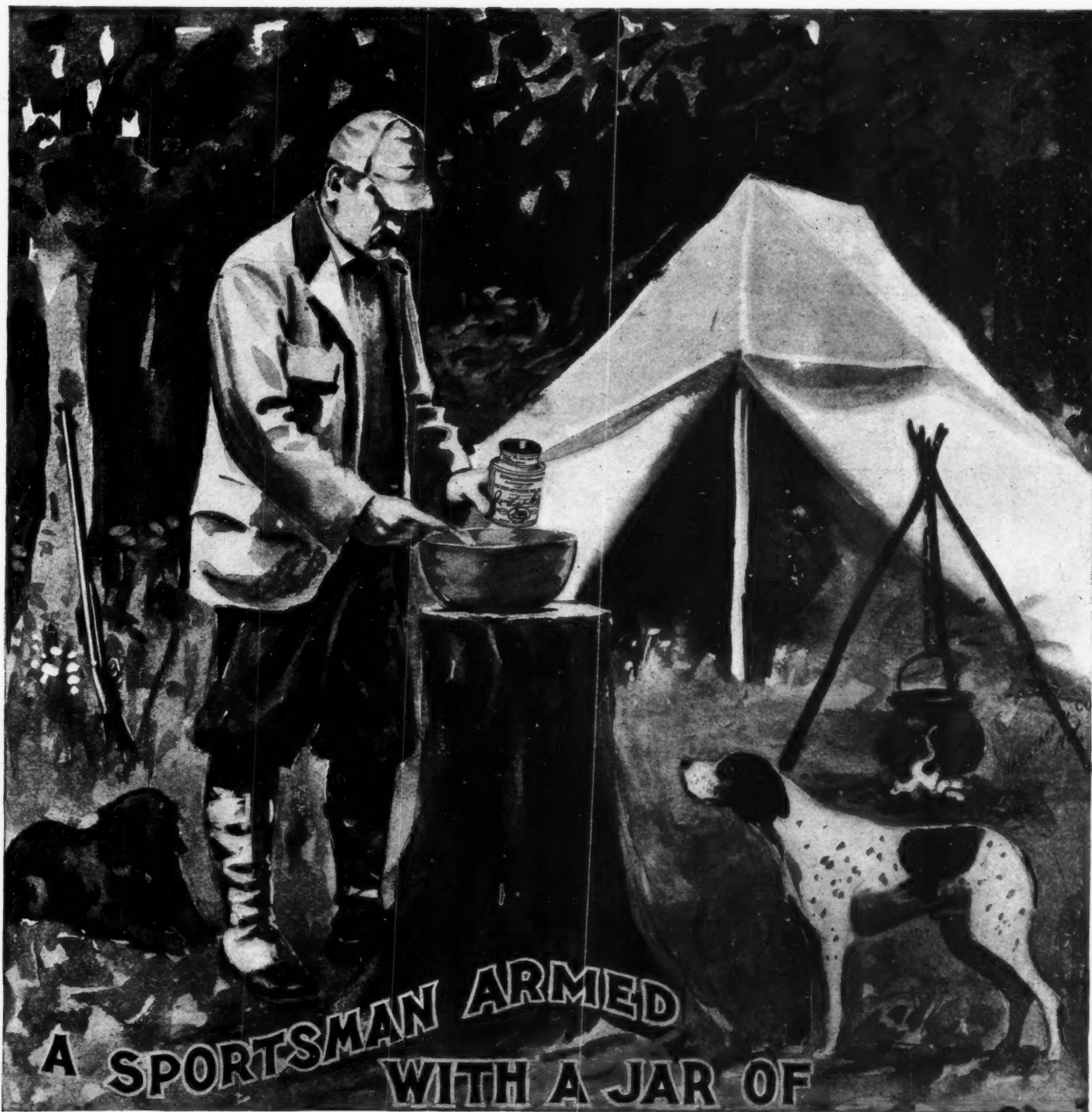
George R. Chester.



CERTAIN MATERIALS ESSENTIAL.

MRS. HASHLEIGH.—My husband used to say that I made the best coffee in the world.

THE DYSEPATIC BOARDER.—Oh! I would n't dream of questioning that, Madam; but there's a vast difference between making and creating coffee.




A SPORTSMAN ARMED
WITH A JAR OF

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

need have no fear of being attacked by hunger.

It's invaluable for Hunters, Yachtsmen, and Tourists,
easily carried, always ready, and GOES A LONG WAY.

Look for this signature on the genuine  J. Liebig

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not con-
found the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly
sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

BARKKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant,
durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 2c. at
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EXCESSIVE perspiration is both
unpleasant and un-
healthy; so is a disease. JOHN H. WOOD-
BURY, 127 W. 43d St., New York, cures excessive
perspiration. 132 Page book for 2-cent stamp.

GIVE your adver-
tisement character,
some distinguishing
feature, something
that will make people
read it. It needs a
character as badly as
does your store or
yourself.

Make it sincere.
Make it pointed.
—The Western
Advertiser.

"She is a very busi-
nesslike woman," re-
marked one young
man.

"Yes," replied the
other; "but I admire a
clinging nature."

"Then you ought to
see her some time
when she is trying to
hold on to a dollar."—
Washington Star.

SOME people will be awfully disappointed when they get to heaven and
find a good attendance. — Adams Freeman.



Just what he wants for his Christmas:
A pound of
Golden Sceptre.
\$1.30 post paid.
SURBRUG, 159 Fulton St., NEW YORK,
or all dealers.



"Simply a Good Old Ale"

—that is it, precisely, and tells in a straight-for-
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To make it so has been the unceasing effort
for one hundred and eleven years of

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Brewers, Malsters and Bottlers.

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetiser, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol,
Opium,
Tobacco
Using

Produce each a disease
having definite pathol-
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easily to the Double
Chloride of Gold Treat-
ment as administered
at the following Keeley
Institutes:

The United States Government

has adopted the Keeley treatment in the Soldiers' Homes and in an institu-
tion for exclusive use of the Regular Army. Seven States have legislated
for the application of this treatment to worthy indigent inebriates.

It is a fact, known generally by well-informed persons, that inebriety, morphine and other drug
additions are diseases, not simply habits, and to be cured they must receive medical treatment.

The method of treatment originated by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, and administered only at institutes
authorized by him, cures these diseases. This statement is easily substantiated by facts. Three
hundred thousand cured men and women are glad to testify to its truth.

The treatment at these institutes is pleasant. The patient is subject to no restraint. It is like
taking a vacation of four weeks. He only knows that he is cured.
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East and West is se-
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traveler to and from
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Palace Sleeping Cars
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which assure luxury,
Comfort and Ease to
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Twice a week between
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Pullman palace sleepers,
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Dining car managed by Mr.
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between St. Louis and Los
Angeles in connection with
Wabash R.R. via Kansas
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Only first-class tickets
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Time from Chicago 72
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hours; and from New York
and Boston only four days.
W. B. Higgins, Agent, Topeka, Kansas.
C. A. Higgins, Agent, Gen'l Pass Agent, Chicago.



HE MEANT WELL.

BROOKS.—What do you mean by saying you will
never be able to pay back that five dollars you bor-
rowed from me?

CHOLLY NOSCADDS.—I wanted to relieve your
mind. I can see it is troubling you.

SOME women believe so thoroughly that the
way to a man's heart is through his stomach, that
they give the man a bad case of indigestion try-
ing to find it.—Washington Capital.

BILL.—Is Straption following the beaten track
yet?

JILL.—Well, I don't know about that; but I
know he's following the beaten horses yet.

—Yonkers Statesman.

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Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over
any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

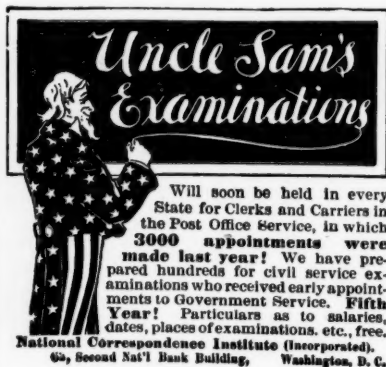
Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED
pens are more durable and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for
25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

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BROWN BROS., Ltd., 68 King Street, Toronto.

No space-writer is willing to admit that anything on earth is beyond
description.—Roxbury Gazette.



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State for Clerks and Carriers in
the Post Office Service, in which
3000 appointments were
made last year! We have pre-
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ments to Government Service. Fifth
Year! Particulars as to salaries,
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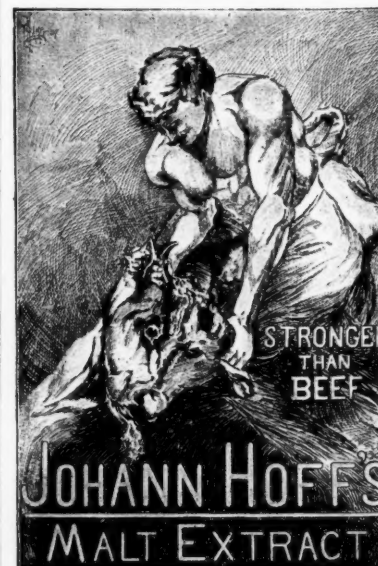
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TRADE MARK ADOPTED JAN. 1881.
R. STEINECKE CO.
MAKERS • NEW YORK
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119 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

THERE is an awful lot of time wasted in
hoping.—Atchison Globe.



All that's new in design, all
that's best in quality, all that's
fast in color, fashion the shirting
materials made by Mount Ver-
non Mills. Never buy a ready-
made or custom shirt, either laundered
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An instructive book on shirt buying sent free.
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THAN
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JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT

Nausea, colic, distress after eating. Abbott's
Angostura Bitters relieves. Better still, the Bitters
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Best of all Cocktail or
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5 Bottle of this is equivalent
to a bottle of the best of
the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle
2 of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading
Jobbers and Retailers.

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CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used
in their manufacture, it being fine grained and
elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown
by the careful grinding which leaves the pens
free from defects. The tempering is excellent
and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
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If you use
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP
you can always count on

If you use other
kinds, you are
pretty sure to
experience



WILLIAMS'
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**"THE ONLY REAL —
—SHAVING SOAPS"**

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Luxury Shaving Tablet
25 cents.
Round—just fits the
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"Genuine Yankee" Soap
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Oldest and most famous
cake of shaving soap
in the world.



This is the kind your barber
should use.
Exquisite also for Toilet and
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of the best families.
Sure cure for "chapped hands."
6 cakes in a package—10 cts.
Trial sample for 2 cent stamp.

NOTE—If your dealer fails to supply
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address—postpaid—on receipt of price.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Cliftonbury, Ct. U.S.A.
LONDON: 24 GREAT RUSSELL ST., N. W. SYDNEY: 181 CLAREMONT ST.

"Just as Good"

as Scott's and we sell it much cheaper," is a statement sometimes made by the druggist when Scott's Emulsion is called for. This shows that the druggists themselves regard

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the standard, and the purchaser who desires to procure the "standard" because he knows it has been of untold benefit, should not for one instant think of taking the risk of using some untried preparation. The substitution of something said to be "just as good" for a standard preparation twenty-five years on the market, should not be permitted by the intelligent purchaser.



Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper
50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.



No Appetite? TRY

VIN MARIANI
(MARIANI WINE) The Ideal French Tonic
FOR BODY AND BRAIN

Since 1863, Endorsed by Medical Faculty

immediate lasting efficacious agreeable

SIGN INFALLIBLE.

Signs of Fall are all around us —
Burning leaves and rubbish show it —
But a token still more certain
Is the weeping Autumn poet.
—Detroit Free Press.

Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters is known all over the world as the great regulator of the digestive organs.

"AND what did the minister say, Marjorie?" inquired Aunt Susie.

"He said," replied Marjorie, gravely, "that we were all poor caterpillars in ze dust." —Washington Capital.

OPPENHEIMER CURE

Offers a Perfect Remedy for
**ALCOHOLISM,
MORPHINISM &
NEURASTHENIA**

The Craving for Liquor Removed in One Day. Use of drugs discontinued at once, WITHOUT DANGER. No Hypodermics. NO INTERRUPTION OF ORDINARY HABITS. Guaranteed that the craving, of itself, can never return. PRIVACY ASSURED. For other information, testimonials and references, in complete booklet, send or call THE OPPENHEIMER CURE, 131 W. 45th St., New York.

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PRODUCING MEN'S
FINE SHOES . . .
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W. L. DOUGLAS
300 & 350 SHOES

ARE WORTH MORE than they cost when compared with other makes, because they look better, wear better and it costs less to keep them in repair. They are sold at our 52 exclusive stores in the large cities and by 5,000 dealers throughout the U.S. Made in Calif, Patent Calif, French Enamel, Seal Goat, Box Calif, Black Vici Kid, Russia Storm Calif, Cordovan, with Australian Kangaroo Tops and fast color hooks and eyelets.

155 STYLES AND WIDTHS FROM A TO EE.
If ordered by mail, STATE SIZE and WIDTH and send 25 cents extra for carriage to
Catalogue Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS,



The Best Pens Made.

LEADING NUMBERS:
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OTHER STYLES IN GREAT VARIETY.
Ask your Stationer for "ESTERBROOK'S"
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
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PIEL BROS. East New York Brewery, BROOKLYN.

ESTABLISHED 1863.
Real German Lager Beer

MADE OF
Finest Hops and Barley-Malt Exclusively
AND FREE FROM ALL CHEMICALS,
Consequently
PURE, WHOLESOME, DELICIOUS,
The Best Beverage for Healthy and Sick.
Light Beer, \$1.35; Dark Beer, \$1.50;
24 Bottles, Delivered in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken. Also in Kegs.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
33, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

Southwestern Limited—Best Train for Cincinnati and St. Louis—Daily by the NEW YORK CENTRAL



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A LOUD KIND.

PERKASIE.—What do you think of the timbre in Hyjee's voice?
MULLINS.—From the way he barks I should think it was dogwood.

CARRYING IT TO EXTREMES.

MRS. BRIDELY (*in tears*)—O John! How can you scold me so? You know you often said before our marriage that you delighted in cleanliness.

MR. BRIDELY (*grimly*)—So I do; but I draw the line on paying for a woman to scrub the bottom of the coalbin just before the coal is put in.

A WOMAN who talks all the time is apt to be two-faced; she could hardly do it unless she had one face resting.

THE GREAT trouble is that sin is profitable, and a man can't usually mend his ways without the patches showing.



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THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.

THE COACHMAN.—I wuz dead lucky ter git dis job. I dunno hardly how de ole man kem to take me.

HIS FRIEND.—Wal, I s'pose he wanted a good, reliable man what would n't go off 'lopin' wif his daughter!

TROPICAL.

It is indeed December; but it is in the tropics.
"Have you seen her with her new bicycle nose-ring?"
"No. Scanty?"
"Scanty? Oh, my!"
Nothing, except possibly the plague, had ever affected life more profoundly than had the wheel.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"Dr. Bogus is a self-made man."
"I don't understand you."
"He inherited his money from a wealthy aunt whom he treated."

ONE REASON.

"It's surprising how few people in New York go to church."
"I don't know. There is no law prohibiting it."

MARRYING FOR a title is like chasing soap bubbles. You grasp one; but open your hand and see what you've got.



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HE FELT SORRY.

MRS. HAYHAW (*in Kansas*).—They say 'that cyclone in the next county was the wust that ever happened in the State.

FARMER HAYHAW.—That's too bad!—that's too bad! That 'un we had a few years ago was allus thought the wust on record; but them folks 'll be able to crow over us after this.

WHERE THE PROMINENT CITIZENS CONGREGATE.

"Yes," said the visiting Englishman, "your country is most extraordinary. You have so many 'prominent citizens.' You have four or five hundred prominent citizens in little towns that a man could walk around in ten minutes."

"Why, how can you tell? You have just landed."
"I have been reading some accounts of lynchings."

COLD CALCULATION.

KATE.—He seems extremely devoted. He talks of going to the Klondike for my sake.

BEATRICE.—Well, that would give you two chances. He might come back with a fortune or he might not come back at all.

Mount Vernon PURE RYE

Owing to its fine, full, mellow flavor, this whiskey commands the highest price in barrels (to wholesale dealers) of any brand now on the market, and is the basis of most of the bottled blended whiskies now so extensively advertised.

Bottled at the Distillery with an absolute Guaranty of Purity and Original Condition.

The consumer buying this—the only distillery bottling of MOUNT VERNON (in **SQUARE Bottles, each bearing the Numbered Guaranty Label**)—secures the highest grade of Pure Rye Whiskey in its natural condition, entirely free from adulteration with cheap spirits and flavorings.

FOR MEDICINAL USE

it has the endorsement of the most prominent physicians throughout the United States.

For Sale by A.1. Reliable Dealers.

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Sole Agents for the United States.

ORDER IT NOW:
Christmas Puck for 1897

THE PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.

Rheims, Steuben Co., N. Y.


This is the Finest Champagne produced in America, and compares favorably with European vintages.

A Natural Genuine Champagne, fermented in the bottle, two years being required to perfect the wine.

Our Sweet and Dry Catawba and Port are, like all our Wines, made from Selected grapes, and are Pure Wines.

For prices,
address

D. BAUDER, Secretary.



CARSTAIRS RYE

A Century Favorite

Formerly favorably known, for fifty years, as the original Monogram.

For sale generally.

CARSTAIRS, McALL & CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOUSE ESTABLISHED 1788

STRIKING AN AVERAGE.

RESTAURANT GUEST.—Everything you have brought me is stone cold.

POLITE WAITER.—Here is the mustard an' pepper sah.—*New York Weekly.*

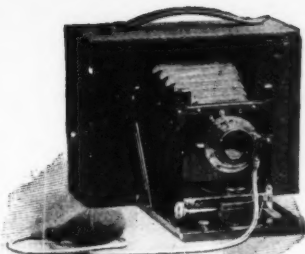
HE (after a waltz).—Do you know, I could die waltzing.

SHE (out of breath).—Perhaps you could, Mr. Hopnot; but that's no reason why you should expect others to die with you.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

THE cold truth is that no amount of polish will make a man an agreeable conversationalist unless he sandwiches in some gossip.—*Atchison Globe.*

"YOU Americans joke about subjects in which there is absolutely no humor."

"Yes; even about Englishmen."—*Yale Record.*



KODAKS

The annual family gathering at the Thanksgiving table, the children's Christmas tree, groups of friends gathered to pass a winter's evening—all make delightful indoor subjects for winter Kodaking, while the fields and trees in snowy garb make quite as beautiful subjects for outdoor work as do the green groves and meadows of summer.

Put a Kodak on your Christmas List.
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The new Kodaks all take our Light-Proof Film Cartridges and can be

LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

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No Camera is a KODAK unless manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Co.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



HE WAS RIGHT.

MRS. McLUBBERTY.—We do be 'radin' some big stories about dthe gold discoveries in Alaska.

McLUBBERTY.—Yis; but not more than half av dthe lies yez rade about Klondike are true.

SOME men never boast, and that's something to brag about.—*West Union Gazette.*

FOOLISH mothers ruin more boys than whiskey.—*Atchison Globe.*

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK, 75 Cents.

By Mail, \$1.00.
Address, H. WIMMEL, Puck Building, New York.

A SURPRISE TO HER.

HE.—I have had but one idea since we met a few short weeks ago.

SHE.—I must give you credit for greater mentality than I had suspected.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHILDREN WELCOME.

WEARY SEARCHER (looking for board).—I hope, Madam, you do not object to children?

BOARDING-HOUSE MISTRESS.—Oh, not in the least! I have nine myself.

WEARY SEARCHER (backing off).—U'm—er—if I decide to take the rooms, I will send you a postal. Good-day!—*N. Y. Weekly.*

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

ALKALI IKE.—Wot's th' name o' thet dog?

PLACER PETE.—Turk.

"Wot are ye savin' him fer?"

"Chris'mas dinner!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"How old are you, little girl?" asked the kind lady of a three-year-old.

"I's not old at all," was the reply; "I's most new."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Somerset Club



Absolutely
Pure.
Very Old.
Delicious
Flavor.

Maryland Rye

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels. Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers. Small Sample bottle sent free upon receipt of 25 cents for shipping charges.

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Exclusive designs in Rich and Soft Colorings for Drawing Rooms, Reception Rooms, Dining Rooms, Halls, &c.

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SANITARY UNDERWEAR

allows the skin to breathe freely, at the same time absorbing its exhalations, leaving the body dry and warm.

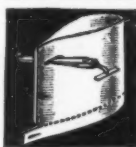
Dr. Jaeger's Underwear gives
greatest warmth with the
least weight.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Main Retail Store: 16 West 23d St. New York.
Branches: 166 Broadway, 248 W. 125th St.

OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. A, Lebanon, Ohio.



A BUTTON HOOK
For Link Cuff Buttons.
—EARL CUFF BUTTONER.—Puts link buttons into cuffs. For men and women. New and useful Christmas gift. All stores or by mail, nickel 10 cents, sterling 75 cents. Hand Bros., Equitable Building, Boston, Mass.

Latest Pickings from Puck, No. 25.

P	UCK'S	25 cts.	P	UCK'S	25 cts.	P	UCK'S	25 cts.	P	UCK'S	25 cts.
U	UCK'S	25 cts.	U	UCK'S	25 cts.	U	UCK'S	25 cts.	U	UCK'S	25 cts.
Q	UCK'S	25 cts.	Q	UCK'S	25 cts.	Q	UCK'S	25 cts.	Q	UCK'S	25 cts.
No. 7				No. 7				No. 7			
Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.	Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.	Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.	Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.
Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.	Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.	Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.	Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.
Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.	Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.	Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.	Q	UARTERLY	25 cts.

OF course a woman is sorry when a friend dies who refused to try her doctor, but she can't help regarding it as a judgment.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE wages of sin have one redeeming feature—they're always paid.—*West Union Gazette.*

A hot-weather beverage—A piece of ice, some sugar, lemon and a bottle of Cook's Imperial Champagne, extra dry.

WHEN prosperity returns, find its vacation address; it may take another notion to go off on a trip.—*Roxbury Gazette.*



TO MESSRS. HUB & SPROCKET.

I.

DEAR SIRS:—I bought a wheel of you,
And in your guarantee
You promised what was broken to
Most gladly fix for me.
Enclosed please find a little list
Of parts you should restore,
And when you have perused this grist
I'll probably have more.

II.

A left knee-pan, six suits of clothes,
A temper most benign,
Four teeth, right ear, a Roman nose,
(Now badly out of line.)
Of cuticle, a yard or two
I ask you to replace—
But while you are about it, you
Might send another face.

III.

A reputation of high grade,
As spotless as the snow,
Until the wheel I purchased made
The wicked language flow,
My neighborhood's respect I've lost.
Do you keep such on hand?
If so, a nice one, smoothly glossed,
I really must demand.

IV.

The wheel, itself, is pretty well;
Its injuries are slight—
Mere nothings. Not worth while to tell,
Too trivial, far, to write.
The things I quote I greatly need,
(As you can plainly see.)
Express them on with utmost speed—
Make good your guarantee.

Edwin L. Satin.

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